

He, to your silvery Songs, lent
sweetest touch ! Your Songs,
the immortal spirit of your
quill! O, pardon ! for my
artless pen too much Doth dim
your glories, through his infant
skill. Though may I not, with
you, the spoils divide (Ye
sacred Offspring of
MNEMOSYNE /) Of endless
praises, which have your pens
achieved (Your pens the
Thimble to Immortality /) ; Yet
be it lawful, that like maims I
bide ! Like bruises and scars, in
your Love's warfare ! And here,
though in my homespun Verse,
of them declare!

